

she had stumbled into love by ChasingVulpixels

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Genre: F/F, i'm trash for both of these things

Language: English

Characters: Chloe Price (Life is Strange), Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Caulfield, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Maxine "Max" Caulfield/Chloe Price

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Summary:

and now she's stuck there.

Stranger Things/LiS crossover. Everything is the same except Eleven and Mike are now Chloe and Max, aged 12.

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“Found it!”

A whoop of joy sounded, a grin spreading across the two boys' faces as they stared in wonder at the small fortune in front of them. A veritable mountain of chocolate pudding, glinting temptingly at them in the golden light of the refrigerator.

“I knew she was hoarding it. I knew it. Always lying, saying she's out. Bald-faced liar.” A juvenile grin tugged at his lips. His friend grinned back with equal parts triumph and mischief.

“Chloe! I found the chocolate pudding!” The first boy yelled as loudly as possible, just because he could. It was almost midnight, the school eerily quiet and dark without the bustle of students and teachers alike, shuffling between classes and chatting in the hallways. His voice echoed slightly, reverberating around the metal kitchen in a way that he found oddly satisfying. A faint voice echoed back to him, drifting from somewhere in the dimly lit cafeteria.

“Okay!” She shouted over her shoulder, slightly irritated by their interruption. Chloe glanced back at her friend in the chair beside her with a small smile. “Are you feeling any better?” she asked, her annoyance evaporating almost instantly. The girl shrugged. Her hair was messy, knotted and still slightly damp, and although she had swiped the blood running from her nose away with her sleeve, a small red smudge still remained. She looked, in a word, exhausted. Chloe sighed.

“What's... *putting*?” She asked tentatively, curiously. Chloe couldn't help but laugh a little at Max's absurd questions sometimes. She couldn't exactly blame her for being so curious, though. Most people would be the same after being locked up for their whole life.

“Pudding, it's... it's this chocolate goo you eat with a spoon.” she chuckled at the frown spreading across Max's face, her nose wrinkled in disgust.

“Don't worry,” she said, suddenly growing solemn, “when all this is over you won't have to keep eating junk food and leftovers like a dog anymore.” When Max didn't respond, Chloe kept talking. She was

used to Max's near-constant silence, and was used to filling it with mindless chatter. "My mom, she's a pretty awesome cook. She can make you whatever you like." She offered with a smile. Max suddenly grew hopeful, eyes lighting up.

"Eggos?" she asked, eyes wide with excitement.

"Well, yeah, Eggos, but real food, too." Chloe sighed again, taking a steadying breath before beginning her next sentence. "See, I was thinking... once all this is over and Rachel's back and you're not a secret anymore, my parents can get you an actual bed for the basement. Or you can take my room, if you want. Since I'm down there all the time anyways." She added. Max's stare was unblinking. Chloe smiled hopefully.

"My point is, they'll take care of you. They'll be like your new parents." There was a beat of silence as Max considered what Chloe had said.

"Will you be like my sister?" She asked, eyes searching Chloe's.

"What? No, no." She said, scoffing. She shook her head a little at the absurdity of Max's suggestion.

"Why 'no'?" Max questioned, slightly offended.

"Because..." Chloe paused for a moment, searching for the right words to say. "Because it's different." Max frowned.

"Why?"

"I mean, I-I don't know, I guess it's not." She stuttered, looking away.

"It's stupid."

"Chloe?" Max probed, gaze flickering across Chloe's face, searching for an explanation in her expression if she wouldn't give one up with words.

"Yeah?" Chloe looked up from beneath her lashes, slightly sullenly.

"Friends don't lie." Uttered Max seriously, almost reproachfully. Chloe sighed again, woefully looking up to the ceiling before her gaze settled back on Max's face.

"W-well, I... I was thinking— I don't know—" she shook her head quickly, stalling as she tried to string together her words appropriately, "maybe we can go to the Snow Ball. Together." The end of her sentence came tumbling out in one before she had time to process what she had just said. She immediately reddened. Max looked just as confused as she had fifteen seconds ago.

"Snow Ball?" She said, head tilted slightly.

"It's this cheesy school dance where you go in the gym and dance to music and stuff." She nodded to herself a little as she continued to talk. "I've never been, but I know you're not supposed to go with your sister."

"No?"

"I mean... You can, but it'd be really weird. You go to school dances with someone that... you know... someone that you like."

"A friend?" Max smiled a little, finally able to grasp a little bit of what Chloe was trying to say.

"Not a friend." Chloe replied nervously. "Uh... Uh, someone like a..." her sentence trailed off. Max had never seen Chloe get this nervous before.

Chloe dropped her gaze again, but when she looked up, her eyes were steely grey and determined. Before Max could ask another question, Chloe surged forwards so quickly that she surprised even herself, pressing her lips against Max's softly. The kiss only lasted a second, but it was enough to make her head spin. *I can't believe I just did that.* When she pulled away, Max looked at her with wide eyes. There was a second where she sat stock-still, almost like a statue, lips slightly parted and cheeks flushed— Chloe immediately regretted her impulsiveness, a million thoughts racing through her mind until the corner of Max's mouth twitched up into a stunned smile. Chloe sighed with relief, cringing from Max's piercing stare. Headlights illuminated their faces as a car passed, before leaving them in darkness again. Chloe stood up quickly. She was still jittery from the adrenaline, her hands shaking as she hurried to look out of the window.

"Nancy." She said, eyes straining to see against the glare and the inky blackness of the night. "Hold on, I'll be right back. Stay here." She said urgently, brushing a hand across Max's shoulders as she jogged towards the exit without looking back. Max was left staring after her in awe as the cafeteria door swung shut.

Author's Note:

I am trash for both of these things. I also love how innocent and cute these babies are, I cannot wait for season two. I want season two. I need season two. I need it more than the air I breathe.

Thanks for reading. If you're interested in maybe a full rewrite of this then let me know; I'm toying with the idea. I'd elaborate more on the Rachel situation I guess, and as for Eleven's powers I assume they'd switch to Max's. It's just a little idea right now. Let me know if you want me to grow it into a big idea, or if you're perfectly happy the way that this is. It's really up to all of you.

Until next time!

-Vulpixels ^^

P.S. I apologise for any typos, I pretty much wrote this in one sitting.